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## Business Notices.

Carl H. Schultz's Carbonated Waters are continually used in the homes of our leading physicians.

## New-York Daily Tribune.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1900.

## THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

**FOREIGN.**—Lord Salisbury at the British Foreign Office on Friday held a conference with the Chinese Minister, Sir Chih Chen Lofang, and the Japanese Minister, Baron Komura. The Chinese and Japanese Ministers were accompanied by their respective secretaries. The conference was held in the presence of the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Lansdowne, and the British Ambassador in Peking, Lord Cromer. The conference was held in the presence of the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Lansdowne, and the British Ambassador in Peking, Lord Cromer.

**DOMESTIC.**—Danger of a pestilence is believed by the health officials of Galveston to have passed, and rapid progress is being made in cleaning up the ruins and resuming business. There were no new developments in the Chinese negotiations in Washington, no confirmation of the report that Russia has issued an ultimatum has been received. An official statement of the operations of the Gold Standard law in the first six months of its experience was made public by the Treasury Department. Preparations are being made on a great scale for the entertainment of all the Mayors of France in Paris on September 22. In the race at London for the amateur fifty miles bicycle championship of the world, H. W. Payne won in 1 hour, 44 minutes and 15 1/2 seconds, making a new record.

**CITY.**—There was a sharp decline in stocks. Helen Forbes Southgate, who was in the room with Henry G. Barbour, at the St. Charles Hotel, Brooklyn, when he was alleged to have ended his life, was found at a hospital slightly wounded. The Appellate Division affirmed the certificate granted by the State Railroad Commissioners, the certificate was opposed by many coal carrying roads. The fund for the relief of Galveston is increasing. General D. C. Crenola expressed the hope that he might buy the Garland collection of ceramics for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Indications in Wall Street are that the German war loan would be oversubscribed.

Richard Croker had a talk with James K. McGuire, and closed his own State headquarters in the interests of harmony. The Grand Jury was investigating charges of bribery made against Policeman Spolaco, of the Criminal Court Squad, by a Tombs prisoner. Excitement was caused by the news that the Cotton Exchange, and Friday's decline was more than regained by from 10 to 12 points. The Rainbow, owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt, defeated the Minerva, owned by August Belmont, in the Atlantic yacht race. Winners at Gravesend: Monticue, Cock Robin, Conroy, Imp, Lief Prince and Greenock.

The Daily and Sunday Tribune, by mail, \$1.00 a month, except to a city or foreign address.

Readers are invited to complain to this office, if they cannot find TRIBUNES at a news stand. The Presidential campaign has caused an increase in sales.

## OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG MEN.

Mr. Croker's solicitude for the welfare of young men continues to be extreme. He had his convention at Saratoga assure them that under existing governmental policies they have no chance, no outlook which promises that at the end of their lives they may be better off than they are to-day. "The hope of former days," the platform says, "has departed from the young men of the land. Turn where they may to improve their condition, they encounter 'the crushing rivalry of aggregated millions.'" etc. This is the kind of talk in which Croker has been indulging frequently of late; but against any disinterested impulse which he may profess in favor of young men must be set off the vitriolic example of his life of selfish greed and the curse of the system of corruption of which he is the guide and mentor. It cannot be doubted that during the years of his dictatorship in Tammany Hall hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men, lured by a hope of imitating his successes, have in the beginning of their contact with affairs stripped themselves of moral compassions, quieting their consciences with specious arguments, excuses and vain sophistries, and embarked upon enterprises whose issue could only be the loss of self-respect, inevitable degradation and failure.

Unfortunately the charge that opportunities for young men are diminishing is not confined to the lips of Croker or to Demo-Populist platforms. But it does not square with the facts. Looking back, say, forty or fifty years, we find no record, naturally enough, of the men who were waiting for legislation or something else to help them. They left no record, but that does not mean that there were no such persons. Of course there were. The men of whom there is record were those who raised themselves above their earlier conditions by dint of work and self-help. They did not wait for some one or the Legislature or Congress to act for them; they assumed the burden and the responsibility of their own advancement. They worked by day and studied by night; they mastered their surroundings, however discouraging, however difficult. They toiled and struggled, undaunted by failure, using each partial success as a stepping stone toward yet higher achievements. They were faithful, and they were not afraid of work.

These are the men whose lives, seen in the distance, make it appear to the careless or the thoughtless that opportunities a generation or two ago were greater than they are now. Yet men like these are toiling and advancing all

about us to-day. Not one of them means to remain what he is; not one fears for a moment that he will fail. Faithful to interests confided to their care, loyal to immediate superiors, they are fitting themselves day by day for larger responsibilities and larger opportunities which are sure to come. These men will succeed, just as their fathers and their grandfathers succeeded. Young men do not read by pine knots now, it is true, for better lights are cheap and available; they do not borrow books, long miles after a day's work from the free library has rendered such journeys for the most part unnecessary. But the fitting process, whatever its form, is going on to-day as it went on years ago, and its rewards are as certain.

## DEFYING EVIL CONDITIONS.

Galveston will be rebuilt. Of that there is no question. It would be rebuilt with the desolation far greater than it is. Had every building been obliterated and every life lost a new colony would probably have hastened thither and a new city would have been created; and that would have been done, and the present rebuilding will be effected, in full realization of the danger there is of another devastating storm. Galveston had been menaced and had been sorely stricken by more than one storm before that of a week ago. And every intelligent man knows that such menace will be indefinitely continued and repeated throughout all coming years. Men can no more avert the fury of wind and tide than they can control the circling of the earth in its orbit. It is said that the city will be rebuilt in a more substantial manner, so as better to withstand such assaults of the elements. That may be. But no architecture can be strong enough fully to resist hurricanes and tidal waves. Some of the most ponderous masonry which could be constructed was wrecked by last week's storm.

This defiance of elemental inhospitality—for such is in great measure the spirit that prompts the rebuilding of Galveston—is one of the most forceful and strenuous characteristics of man. We are not sure but that he has a monopoly of it among animate beings. For however difficult may be the tasks which some animals undertake, and however hard their way of life, it is to be seen on scrutiny that these are precisely what they are best adapted to, and are really, therefore, lines of least resistance. But it is not so with man. He is adapted to ease as well as to hardships. The Switzer who earns a precarious living among rocks and glaciers might far more easily in some level and more fertile lowland. But he deliberately chooses to remain amid the rocks and ice. So with many another people. They make no effort to gain more genial climes or more productive lands or homes free from the hardships and menaces which are their present lot. And that is not because of indolence or apathy. It is because of the spirit of conquest. They defy, and they endure, and they triumph. When Vesuvius overwhelms them with fire they build again over the ashes; when wind and wave destroy their city they rebuild it in the self-same spot.

It is a noble characteristic. It brings out that which is best in men. It is a truism that the greatest men are generally those who have overcome difficulties by toil and have won battles by their valor. That is recognized in the individual life. Equally true is it that the highest qualities of social and civic life, and the highest general standard of humanity, are developed in countries and nations set in tempestuous climes and subject to the buffeting of both man and nature. There is a tonic in a storm. There is inspiration in a struggle. "Summer Isles of Eden" produce fine birds and flowers and fruit, but a poor kind of man. The fight against such foes as those which overcame Galveston may seem to be against hopelessly unequal odds. Yet even in such an extreme contingency it may well be that the gain of the struggle is greater than the loss, even to the apparent loser. There is such a poem as "To victors."

## A DETAIL OF TRAVEL.

One of the most gratifying announcements made concerning the new waiting room in the Grand Central Station in this city is that passengers will no longer be kept within that room until a few minutes before train time, but will be permitted to pass directly through to the course at the head of the train platforms. Whether they will still have to wait for the opening of gates and have their tickets inspected before passing down the platforms to the trains is not made known. It is to be hoped they will not. It is not easy to see much good in such a system, and it is impossible to avoid seeing much inconvenience and annoyance. Doubtless such ticket scrutiny at the head of each platform would be preferable, or less objectionable, than at the door of the waiting room. But in either place it must be deemed of doubtful propriety, and is known often to be a cause of hardship and injustice.

The object of it is to make sure that the passenger has secured a ticket in advance and that he is getting upon the right train. In practice it does neither. It is by no means certain that a railroad company has a right to compel the passenger to buy a ticket in advance. It is no doubt desirable that he should do so. But at way stations he is not always required to do so. At some he is unable to do so, since none is sold there. And in all cases the company recognizes the legitimacy of his paying his fare on the train by providing the conductor with train tickets to meet the need. Again, having procured a ticket and thus having secured entrance to the train, he may keep that ticket for future use and pay his fare in cash. So the first object of the inspection system is insufficient to justify it. Nor is the second more adequate. After showing his ticket the passenger finds himself ushered upon a platform at the sides of which two or more trains are standing, among which he must select the one he wants. The fact that he stood in line for ten minutes, set down his valise, unbuttoned his coat, got out his ticket, showed it, had it punched and then went through the whole process over again in reverse order does not in the least help him to determine whether he should take the forward cars at the right or the rear cars at the left. He must determine that by reading the signboards, or by asking the train hands, and he could do that just as well if his ticket had never been punched.

But perhaps the strongest indictment of the system lies in the fact of its non-enforcement. Every frequent and observant traveller on the roads running out of the Grand Central Station knows that only a small proportion of passengers actually show their tickets or are required to do so. Many "bluff it through" with a confident air, or at most with a mention of the place to which they are bound. Regular commuters almost never show their tickets. And after passing through the door, whether one has shown his ticket or not, there is nothing to compel him to take the train for which his ticket is intended. True, the platform is roped off into lanes, each leading from a certain door to a certain train or group of trains. But it is an easy matter to get under or over the rope into the next lane or to unhook the rope and walk through. There is no one to object to your doing so. On the contrary, the uniformed employees of the place stand ready to let down the rope for you and thus to facilitate trespass and violation of rule. The result is that those who meekly wait for the opening of the right door that they may show their tickets have the pleasure of seeing through the

glass panels a long procession of passengers, who have sneaked through some other door under false pretences, going directly to the train and getting the desirable seats. And when finally they do get through they find that by complying with the rule they have gained nothing but annoyance and discomfort.

It is believed to be pretty well demonstrated by experience elsewhere, in stations as complex as the Grand Central, that the interests of the company are as well served and the convenience of the public is far better served by the absence of any such system. There are other great metropolitan railroad stations in which there is no ticket inspection. Passengers walk freely through to the platforms at any time. The places reached by the various trains are clearly and conspicuously indicated on signboards, so that he who runs may read, and for those who cannot read there are uniformed servants of the company in attendance to answer questions and to give directions. It is believed that under such a system there are no more mistakes than under that of ticket punching. One thing is certain—that if the ticket punching system is retained it should be rigidly enforced. But as a general principle it is probably the preferable policy to treat the average passenger under the assumption that he is intelligent and honest, that he knows where he wants to go and how to get there, and means to pay for his transportation.

## WAXING FEAR OF THE PLAGUE.

It would not be easy to conceive anything more significant in its way than the manner in which the news of the appearance of the plague at Glasgow was received in Great Britain and the United States. Here is what by universal consent has been regarded as the most dreadful of all pestilences, a disease so terrible that to specify a name could be deemed worthy of it, wherefore it has always been known by the generic appellation of "the plague"; or, if ever it was otherwise called, it was by the no less ominous title of the "black death." Time was when in a single campaign in Europe it numbered its victims by tens of millions, and when the mere mention of it was sufficient to blanch the cheeks of the bravest. It now breaks out in one of the chief cities of the world, the second city of the greatest mercantile nation. Yet there is no panic. No material sensation is caused. That city is not deserted nor shunned. The tides of life and business continue to flow as uninterrupted as those in the Fifth of Clyde. The news that would once have convulsed a continent with fright and horror is conveyed in a few inconspicuous lines, which are read with scarcely more emotion than the report of the latest golf match or the announcements of the coming opera season.

That is, as we have said, significant of many things, but chiefly of the great advance in knowledge, due to the researches of Louis Pasteur and his coadjutors and disciples. The plague in old times was terror inspiring partly because it was so deadly and partly because men were so ignorant of its nature. And it was, as we now know, so deadly because of that very ignorance. It was man's lack of knowledge of it that made it at once so deadly and so dreaded. Indeed, if it had been such a disease as credulous and superstitious ignorance pictured it no fear of it could have been exaggerated. Men thought it was freely propagated through the air; that to be near or to see a patient stricken with it was to contract it; that no one was immune from its attacks; and that no one could be cured of it. Such notions seemed almost justified by the great epidemics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. To-day they still exist among the lower class natives of Asia and of Russia, who say "Kismet. It is fate. Leave us alone and let us die." But, thanks to the life work of Pasteur and to the labors of such disciples of his as Kitasato and Yersin, the intelligent part of the world no more tolerates such ideas than it does those of alchemy and witchcraft.

This dreadful plague is now known to be a fifth disease, propagated solely and exclusively by a specific germ. That germ does not spread through the medium of the air, but exists and is imparted from one to another in liquid or solid substances only, and it may readily be destroyed by the use of disinfectants, among the most efficacious of which are pure air and sunlight. The value of these latter prophylactics was strikingly shown during the epidemic at Hong-Kong, for in midwinter, when days were short, sunlight scanty and the people lived indoors, there were two thousand or three thousand cases a month, while in midsummer, when the city was flooded with sunshine and the people lived out of doors, only a few score cases were reported. It is perfectly well established, moreover, that persons of sanitary ways of life, who observe ordinary precautions of bodily and dietary cleanliness, are practically immune, and may go with safety among those who are suffering from the disease in its worst forms. Nor is the disease, once contracted, necessarily fatal. On the contrary, the percentage of cures is a large and growing one. The disease, in brief, instead of standing apart, unique and solitary in pre-eminence of morbid power, is now seen to be worthy of rank only with common and familiar ailments, such as typhoid fever and diphtheria, and is actually less to be dreaded than some of them. Thus, just as through ignorance it was once so fatal and so dreaded, to-day through knowledge it is robbed of most of its deadliness and of its terrors.

## NAMES AND THEIR MEANING.

Our neighbor "The Times" prints a letter from a correspondent who is indignant because a pugilist of this city whose own name is "Plebeian" assumed the "royal cognomen of McCoy," thereby disgracing the name and the race to which it belongs. The question here opened up has many ramifications. Doubtless the reputable members of the McCoy family have good reason to resent the cold blooded theft of their name by this pugilist. Yet, after all, such an exploitation of their name cannot really hurt them, any more than the fact that some one actually entitled to bear the name might conceivably be found in State's prison. As everybody knows, the most honored names are occasionally borne by unworthy persons. There are numerous George Washingtons working in chain gangs in the South, and not long ago Abraham Lincoln was sent to jail in a Western town for being drunk and disorderly. There are black sheep in every family, and of the large number of persons who bear the more common family names it is inevitable that a certain number, either through hereditary taint or environment, should turn out badly. So it does not seem to us that the McCoy family need be at all worried because a pugilist appropriated their name.

Moreover, in this country there is no hard and fast distinction between names, so that we may call one royal and another plebeian. An ostensibly plebeian name may be glorified by the great achievements of some one who bears it. But, as we have intimated, it does not follow that a name is tarnished by the evil deeds of one or more persons who bear it. Men are judged for what they are, rather than for their names. And yet, on the other hand, we must not run away with the idea that there is no pride of race or family in democratic America. The very opposite is the case. Not even in England, we venture to say, are honorable family traditions and achievements more deeply cherished than in the United States. And it is well that it should be so. The sans-

culotte equality of the French Revolution never found any sympathetic response in this country. Whether or not all men are created equal, to use the phraseology of the Declaration of Independence, they almost at once cease to be equal after birth. In environment, in opportunity, and, most of all, in physical and mental endowment, one man is superior to another, or, it may be, one family is superior to another; and that superiority will manifest itself in the battle of life, whether the government be an autocracy or a democracy. The man who inherits an honored name may rightly take pride in the fact that he bears it. But by just so much as his family name lifts him above his fellows he is under greater obligations to do his fellow men a service worthy of his name.

The question of honorary titles is too large to be discussed in this place, but it is a fact, curious or sad, according as one looks at it, that a considerable proportion of the American people, who, a priori, ought to contain all titles, are exceedingly fond of them. The most voluble champion of equality is not unlikely to be avaricious of artificial distinctions. Intelligent persons keep close track of the various most coveted titles of honor, fraternal, academic, social or political, and it never occurs to any one that to accept and display such titles is essentially undemocratic. Nor, in fact, are titles contrary to the spirit of our institutions. Those which imply merit or distinction may be worthily worn. But many have come to be almost meaningless because of their indiscriminate use. It was a proud day for Smith, for example, when he joined the Association of Select Seers, and made Jones and Brown green with envy by writing A. S. S. after his name. But what distinction was there for Smith when Jones and Brown joined the same august society, and were thus able to display the same title? When nobodies employ titles in the hope that they will thereby become somebodies they not only make themselves ridiculous, but help to bring discredit upon all titles.

## WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Several achievements in Hertz wave telegraphy have recently been reported which appreciably improve the scientific and commercial status of that art. Perhaps the most important of these is the extended practical test given to the Marconi system in South Africa by the British army and navy. During the early part of the late war no use was made of wireless telegraphy, owing to the prejudices or conservatism of General Buller and other high officers. But when General Lord Roberts took command a more progressive policy was adopted. Ten sets of instruments were procured and retained in service. In this manner headquarters were kept in constant communication with detachments of the army, some of which were fifty and sixty miles away. By the same agency the British Admiral at Delagoa Bay was enabled to send messages eighty and even a hundred miles. It is recognized that the interposition of hills between stations on land sensibly diminishes the range of a transmitter of a given capacity. Official tests which have recently been prescribed by the British Admiralty for new instruments ordered for the navy require that the latter shall be operated successfully between Portland and Portsmouth Harbor, which are sixty-five miles apart. But intervening obstructions make this interval equivalent to eighty-five miles at sea. In Mr. Marconi's opinion, and to ninety miles in the opinion of the Admiralty. In spite of the limitation referred to, however, it has now been demonstrated for the first time that military campaigning does not offer any insurmountable obstacle to the use of wireless telegraphy.

Incidentally it is worthy of note that the range of the transmitter at Delagoa Bay was something like twenty miles greater than that of the apparatus used by Marconi experimentally early in the summer of 1896 with the British Channel Squadron and four or five times greater than that of certain instruments which have lately been tried at a British torpedo station. These latter, devised by a Captain Jackson, might possibly have been adopted if they had worked better, and thus the payment of royalties to Marconi would have been avoided. But the order just given for thirty-two full sets of the young Italian's instruments is an official acknowledgment of their conspicuous superiority.

Marconi has of late been industriously trying to secure that secrecy of communication which was hoped for as one of the great advantages of the new system. Hitherto it has been possible for an enemy, if provided with a Hertz wave receiver and stationed within range of the transmitter, to pick up a message not intended for him. But "The Scientific American" is authority for the statement that the idea of "tuning" transmitter and receiver to the same pitch, or number of waves a second, has been worked out practically, and that only a coherer which has been synchronized with the spark coil will respond to the vibrations emitted by the latter. This is highly desirable in war, and it is to be hoped that the announcement is correct.

In the mean time wireless telegraphy is serving, and promising to serve, purely peaceful interests to an increased degree. A number of ocean liners and Channel boats are equipped with Marconi instruments in order to announce their approach to the coast. Lightships employ the same means to report wrecks and summon aid from life-saving stations on shore, and only a few days ago a London newspaper described a successful test of an automatic device for warning vessels in a fog of the proximity of dangerous rocks. A transmitter capable of sending out waves for seven miles was operated by clockwork and made to repeat the word "Fastnet" at intervals of three minutes. A ship on which there was a Marconi receiver, and which came within range of the signal, would learn of its peril in ample time to save itself. As yet this particular invention has not been officially installed at any lighthouse; but such action is almost sure to come, because the penetrating power of the Hertz waves in a fog is vastly greater than that of either an electric light or the sound of the best steam foghorn in the world.

When Colonel Bryan argues in his most impressive vein that no self-respecting government should continue to operate "without the consent of the governed," he does not realize, perhaps, what a far such reckless logic gives his friends and followers in the Blue Grass Commonwealth.

In consideration of her patriotic speech, just delivered in Brooklyn before the Medal of Honor Legion, the anti-imperialists will no doubt proceed to turn the portrait of Julia Ward Howe to the wall and walk backward from it with averted faces. In their estimation she must be a flagrant radical expansionist, eager to commit the Republic whose Battle Hymn she so loftily sang a generation ago to courses leading to its destruction. They cannot read her out of their select and exclusive party, for she was never in it, but there is no discipline too severe to be administered to her if they only had the power.

Ackron, of Tivoli notoriety, seems to be about as truly a "perfect gentleman" as the female habitués of his fifty dive were "perfect ladies."

Down in Florida five towns—including Tallahassee, which now enjoys it—are struggling over the possession of the State Capitol. A popular vote is to be taken to determine the contest, and, as a timely exemplification of Democratic devotion to the "consent of the governed" theory, a considerable fraction of the

State's citizenship is to be excluded from suffrage. The Democratic State Committee seems to have devised a plan by which Democrats only are to express their preferences. As for the rest, their votes in Florida and other Commonwealths were never intended to count.

Newark's disputes and litigation with the East Jersey Water Company are another argument in favor of complete municipal ownership and management of urban water systems, and another argument against the rascally Ramapo scheme.

Shutting out foreign actors as contract laborers would seem to be in accord with the system of making the stage a purely commercial institution.

It is safe to say that the less the average man knows about the merits of the coal strike the more violent will be his opinions about the "rapacity of the coal barons" on the one hand, or the "unreasonableness of labor agitators" on the other. It is well to remember in such a case that there are almost always two sides to every story, and to be chary of accepting the ready and loud denunciations of politicians and demagogues intent on turning every incident in life to the promotion of their own selfish purposes.

Maryland revives the Honest Money Democratic League, which did such good service in 1896. There are enough Gold Democrats in the State to carry it for National honor and prosperity if they throw their united weight in that scale, as there are welcome signs that they intend to do.

Relief measures for Galveston have been prompt and generous, and the extent of the suffering and need which they are to assist in alleviating makes it necessary that they should be actively continued for some time to come. As the greatest calamity of its kind which has ever visited the country, it calls for the greatest efforts at assistance, and will not send forth its summons in vain.

## PERSONAL.

Ex-Secretary John Sherman has sold his property in Mansfield, Ohio, and this week will leave there with his daughter, Mrs. J. I. McCallum, for Washington, in which city he will make his home.

Dean Farrar will deliver the address at the dedication of the "John Bunyan window" in the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, Southwark, London, on November 12. This memorial has been erected by money contributed by, in behalf of or in memory of young folk.

President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University believes in the study of the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians. In the shape of a dark green sylvan shawl, he died in 1899, and his grave has never been marked. Dr. Hamlin was a favorite friend of Tomlin's. He named the totem for Tomlin, calling it "salmon totem." This name was adopted by Akasiz. The monument has been set in Bangor, and is inscribed as follows: "Tomlin, John, Hunter, Nov. 18, 1850, to June 18, 1900, A. C. H."

"It is an assured thing," says "The Kennebec Journal," "to erect a memorial to Paul Tomlin, for years chief of the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians. In the shape of a dark green sylvan shawl, he died in 1899, and his grave has never been marked. Dr. Hamlin was a favorite friend of Tomlin's. He named the totem for Tomlin, calling it 'salmon totem.' This name was adopted by Akasiz. The monument has been set in Bangor, and is inscribed as follows: 'Tomlin, John, Hunter, Nov. 18, 1850, to June 18, 1900, A. C. H.'"

"It is an assured thing," says "The Kennebec (Me.) Journal," "that Buckfield is to have a public library through the generosity of Secretary Long and his nephews, the White brothers. It is to be a memorial to the Secretary's father, Zadoc Long. Mr. Stevens, of Portland, is the architect. It will be erected near the Methodist Church, facing the bridge. It will be an ornament to the place and an incalculable blessing and benefit to the town for all time to come. It goes without saying that Buckfield people are pleased and are thankful to their generous benefactors and his kindred."

Cecil Rhodes once fitted up a beautiful cemetery near Kimberley, but for some reason it remained untenanted. Seeing this, Mr. Rhodes offered a bonus to widows who would bring their husbands to be buried in his cemetery, but without avail. Eventually one poor woman allowed her husband to be buried there, and a handsome marble slab was erected over his grave. By and by, however, the scheme hung fire; the inhabitants, passing the gates of the beautiful cemetery, would look around and see the one headstone, and would then in solitary state, and go away shaking their heads and thinking how lonely it must be. Mr. Rhodes so expanded that he increased the bonus until it was a large sum. Then the inhabitants gradually began to weaken, one after another, and finally decided to the lonely cemetery, which became as popular as such a place can properly be.

## THE TALK OF THE DAY.

The following unique legal paper was recently filed in a Kansas court:

"E. L. Warner, of Lawful age. Being duly sworn on oath deposes and says: That One John McKibbin did on or about the 4th days of February, A. D. 1888 did then and there in the County and State of Kansas, unlawfully and feloniously steal from the said John McKibbin on or about the 10th day of January, A. D. 1888 Contrary to Statutes in like Cases Made and provided."

Know it on Sight.—"You can't fool me on them things," remarked "Uncle Al" Chatterton, of Purbeck, when he told his horse of the "chance" distance, for the first time, a handcar gliding smoothly down the track of the new railway on the mountain side. "I've been here for years," he said. "Well, what is it, Uncle Al?" asked one of the other mountaineers.

"He's a automobil."—Chicago Tribune.

John Jeffrey, who died recently in London at the age of eighty, was an active and lifelong opponent of vaccination. He was a member of the Kebleton Board of Guardians at the time when a number of the members were immured—Mr. Jeffrey among them—within York Castle for their determined resistance to authority on the subject of vaccination. Mr. Jeffrey argued the matter with the then Lord Chief Justice in London when it came before the courts. He overthrew his opponent, and the guardians could not have guaranteed the peace of Kebleton if they had enforced the regulations, and the Lord Chief Justice replied to him: "Never you mind about the peace of Kebleton; we will look after that."

The scorcher had collided with a trolley car. Four hours later, when his patient regained consciousness, he said to his wife, who was sitting by his bedside, "I'm afraid it will go hard with you, old man."

"Tell me the worst, doctor," feebly murmured the patient, who had been lying in bed for some time. "Your spine is injured so," said the doctor firmly, "that hereafter you will be forced to ride with your back to the wind."

With a pitiful moan the poor scorcher again lapsed into insensibility.—(Brooklyn Life).

"The London Daily Express" says: "Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Jamieson, ex-Consul-General at Shanghai, a school of practical Chinese is now being established at London under the auspices of the China Association, and at the present time two native professors, who have been brought over from China by Mr. Jamieson for the express purpose, are receiving pupils at their domicile in Malda Vale. The instruction is specially directed to commercial subjects—correspondence, forms of accounts, bills of exchange, etc. Mr. Jamieson's exertions have been greatly impeded of course, by the recent troubles, but it will be generally conceded that his enterprise is worthy of support by every one interested in the future of British trade in the Chinese Empire."

Righteous Indignation.—Mr. Nurox (with blood in his eye)—Look here! I left an order with you yesterday for a dozen bottles of the best Madryne wine in your shop.

Wine Merchant.—Yes, sir; weren't they delivered? Mr. Nurox.—Say, I don't want to see you. I want the bottles had dust on 'em, and I want you to work no showman truck off on me.—(Philadelphia Press).

In the course of the terrible march of the Irish Fusiliers from Dundee to Lismore the men were much fatigued, and at the end of the march one man in particular stumbled along as if walking in his sleep. An officer passed.

"Sir," said Michael, "what country is this we're marching over?"

"The Natal tableland, my man," was the reply.

"Bedad, sir," said Michael, "I think the table's turned upside down, and we're walking over the legs of it!"

A New Trick.—Old Fog Proprietor.—Why did you treat that fellow like that? You know I told you to treat him like a gentleman.

Sharp Clerk.—You noticed I told to her, didn't you?

"Yes."

"And the article didn't really suit her?"

"I noticed that."

"She bought it because she thought I thought she couldn't afford to."—New-York Weekly.

## NOTES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

**ANXIETY IN NORTH CAROLINA.**—The Bryantes in the Old North State are somewhat fearful that they may not capture all the Congress districts in that State, despite their majority of sixty thousand at the State election last month. In that election the counties which composed the Villa Rica Congress District, which is now represented by a Republican, gave Adams, the Republican candidate for Governor, a small majority, and so did the Tuxedo District, which is also represented by a Republican. Both districts also gave majorities against the constitutional amendment disfranchising colored voters—the VIII. article of 1885 and the IX. article of 1897. "The Raleigh News and Observer" has been analyzing the election returns, and has reached the conclusion that a good many Democrats voted against the amendment who voted for the Democratic candidate for Governor, but that yields scant comfort in the face of the fact that Adams carried both districts, and that the Bryantes are compelled to discard figures and refer to claims of Bryanite gains in certain counties and to appeals to party recruits to come to the rescue.

**THE ONLY WAY.**—"The St. Louis Globe-Democrat" pertinently says